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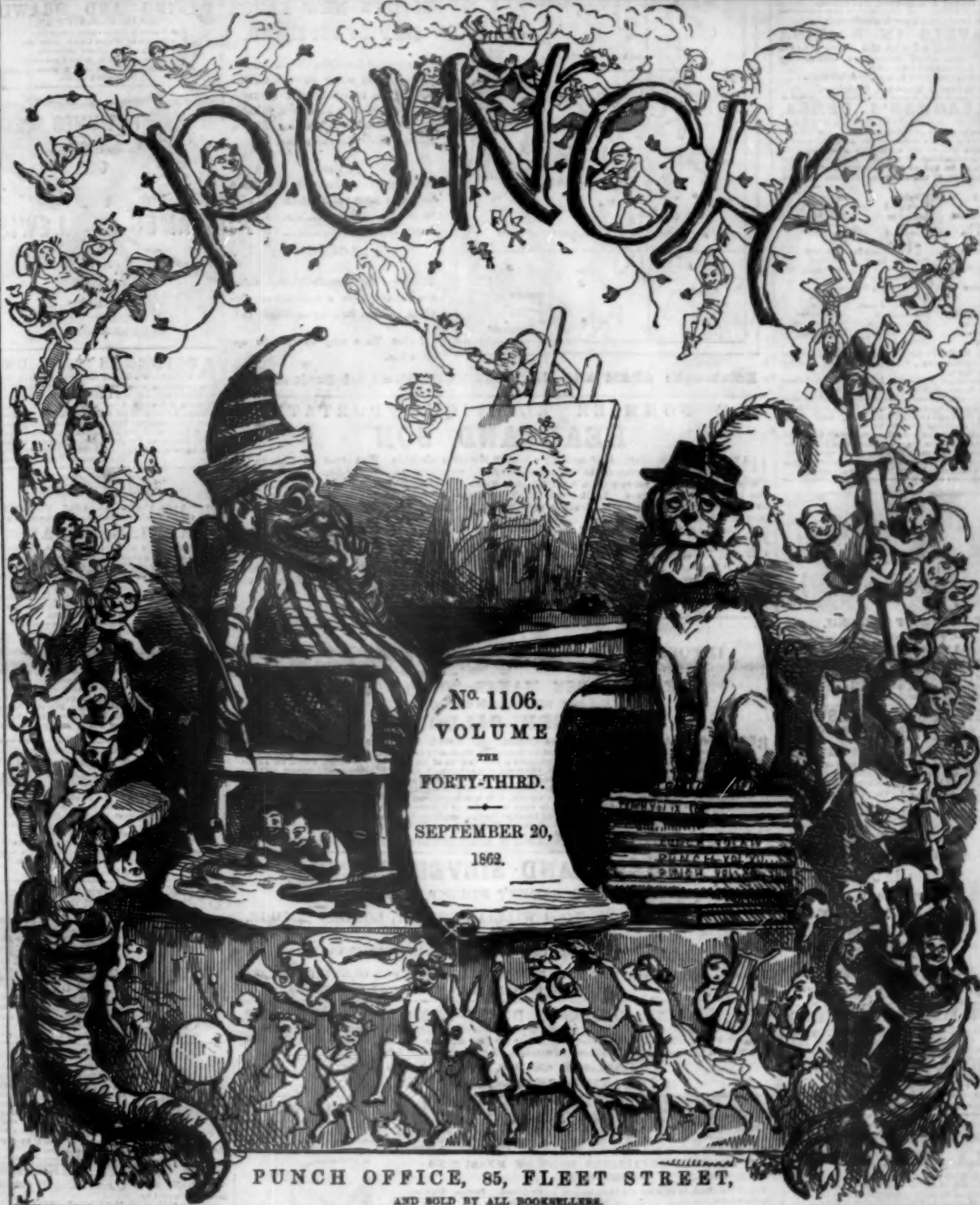
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PERPLEXED FARMER. "You haven't seen such a thing as my Old Woman about, have you, Mr. Policeman?"

THE ELDEST SON OF THE CHURCH TO PAPA.

Your titles, PAPA, are just like mine;
You hold your crown by Grace Divine,
And so do I, and by the will
Of the French people wear it still.

I only represent, and do,
The will of France, in guarding you;
So by that will you hold your place,
As well as by celestial grace.

Where will you be, then, by-and-by,
Suppose awakened Frenchmen cry:—
"Consistent we resolve to be;
Let Romans, as ourselves, be free.

Man of our choice!—we must, for shame,
Cease to withhold the right we claim,
Wrongs those others of their due;
To choose their Chief as we chose you.

Illogical dis honour's blot
Wipe from our name; expunge that spot
Foul tyranny upheld at Rome:
Thence, therefore, call our forces home."

The people's creature, how could I
Any demand of theirs deny,
Although 'twere foolish or unjust?
Obey them, when they're right, I must:

And they'll be right when, soon or late,
They bid me leave you to your fate;
Then come to terms whilst yet you can,
Or else you'll come to grief, old man.

Fighting Bobs.

THE Federals have held a war meeting at which it is stated that the Orators addressed "acres of applauding citizens." As no recruits offered themselves, Mr. Punch thinks that the word "Acres" was well chosen, for the courage of the clapping meeting seems to have "coasted out at the tips of its fingers."

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

An Imaginary Melodrama, Constructed upon the Complaints of Newspaper Correspondents.

DRAMATIC PERSONS.

Some youthful Clerks. Enter to them MR. MORVAYS HONT, a mild gentleman who wishes to send a message.

SCENE—An Electric Telegraph Office.

Mr. M. H. (approaching the counter, and speaking in a low voice). I believe you send electric messages to the town of Fortywinks?

1st Clerk (of course). Sir?

Mr. M. H. I believe you dispatch telegrams to a place called Fortywinks?

1st Clerk (loud). SMITH, where's Fortywinks?

2nd Clerk. Give it up.

1st Clerk. No, I say, it ain't a sell. This gent wants to send there. Where is it?

2nd Clerk. I don't know—isn't it out by Kent, or Wales, or that way. [Opens a walnut.

Mr. M. H. (meekly). It is on your own list, Sir.

1st Clerk. Is it? Why didn't you say so at first. The public give a great deal of unnecessary trouble.

Mr. M. H. But I rather wanted to know what would be your charge for a message there.

1st Clerk. 'Pends on length.

Mr. M. H. Yes, of course; yes, that is so. But I have written out the message I wish to send, and you can perhaps tell me the price before I fill up one of the forms.

1st Clerk (takes the paper, and 2nd and 3rd Clerk come and look over their friend's shoulder). He reads: My dearest Maria-Jane—that's four words, unless you like to call her MARIA only—I hope that your poor head is better (aside to one friend). How about her poor feet?—twelve words—Be sure to use the hoppedead-dog (a burst from his friends).

Mr. M. H. (hurt). Opodeldoc, young gentleman. It is an application.

1st Clerk. Oh, ah! Well, you'd better say application; for I'm sure there'll be a mull with the Latin—eighteen words—and be careful about open windows.

Mr. M. H. I have written "windows," I think.
1st Clerk. I said so, didn't I?—twenty-four words. I have sent the sugar-candy—not this way, I say, no such luck. Thirty words. Eight shillings—is the house near the telegraph station?

Mr. M. H. About three-quarters of a mile.

1st Clerk. Eighteen pence portage—nine-and-six.

Mr. M. H. Dear me, that is more than I expected.

2nd Clerk (a smart young fellow, up to business). Well, you can cut out some of it, you know. See now. Cut out your dearest MARIA-JANE, if your name's to the letter she'll know it's you as sends, at least my MARIA-JANE would—that's four out. What's the good of hoping about her poor head?—stick to the message—say "Use the opodeldoc"—what is it?—"keep out of draughts"—fifteen words out—there, Sir, we'll put that into the wire for you at a low figure, say four bob. Fill up a form—one of those before your nose.

Mr. M. H. Well, thank you, yes, that is shorter, certainly (colouring).

But, but—you see—in fact there are circumstances, and that would read a little abrupt.

2nd Clerk. Well, it's your business, you know, not mine. [Opens a walnut.

Enter SMALL BOY, with much clatter.

3rd Clerk. Now then, you young scamp, where have you been all this while? You're in for it, you are, I can tell you.

Small Boy (with much volubility). Well how's a fellow to go to Hislington and Chelsea and round by Brompton and the Minorities and be back in five-and-twenty minutes you couldn't do it yourself come now and you've no call to put it upon me to do it and what's more I won't and I can't and that's all about it.

3rd Clerk (sorely). Better tell the Governor so.

S. B. I will tell the Governor so and I do tell the Governor so do you think I'm afraid to speak to the Governor he's not the man to see a poor lad put upon and bullied out of his life time if he happens to be hindered five minutes out of two hours because the road's up and the buss broke down and there was a fire and we couldn't get by. Come!

3rd Clerk. You'll see. Be off with this message to Hoxton. It's been waiting here three hours.

S. B. Not till I've had my dinner if I know it and that's all about it. [Exit.]

2nd Clerk. Nice lad that. Nothing to say for himself, oh, no!

1st Clerk. That ought to go off, you know.

2nd Clerk. I know nothing about it, except that it's been lying there since eleven o'clock, and that it is a thundering message to a doctor to be off by the next train.

1st Clerk. Well, I ask you is it my fault?

2nd Clerk. It's nobody's fault in particular, and everybody's in general, and we'll hope the doctor will be in time. Mind your customer.

1st Clerk. Well, Sir—cooked it?

Mr. M. H. (who has been fidgeting over his document, and making faces, and showing much discomfort about it.) I—I think I have reduced it a little without making it quite so peremptory—how is it now?

1st Clerk. My dearest—um—um.

2nd Clerk. You stick to the polite, Sir?

Mr. M. H. Ladies require to be addressed with consideration, you see. [Graciously. Apologetically.]

1st Clerk. Six shillings—seven and six in all.

Mr. M. H. (with a sigh). Well, so it must be. But, oh, yes, I beg your pardon, when will this be delivered?

1st Clerk. Oh, some time to-night.

Mr. M. H. Ah, but that is very important! I would not send unless you could guarantee that it would be delivered by nine, or at the latest ten minutes past, as—as the lady retires at half-past nine, and I would not have her disturbed on any account.

1st Clerk. We guarantee nothing, but I dessay you'll hear that it's all right.

Mr. M. H. It is only three o'clock now. Surely the message could go away at once.

2nd Clerk. Of course it could if the wire wasn't wanted for anything else, but we'll send it as soon as we can.

Mr. M. H. But you will assure me that it will go before five—surely, a distance of thirty-six miles—

2nd Clerk. You see it ain't all our line, there are two breaks, and we can't say what the other companies may do, but she'll have it to-night, and there's nothing very pressing in it.

Mr. M. H. (reddening). That, allow me to say, is a matter on which I must be permitted to have my own opinion.

2nd Clerk. Have it by all means. [Opens a walnut.]

Mr. M. H. (rising into wrath). And I must add that to put Forty-winks on your list, and not be able to say that you can send there in six hours is a little more than inconsistent.

2nd Clerk. Well, you can write to the papers and say so. And as the papers pay our salaries, of course we shall all get the sack.

Mr. M. H. The papers may not pay your salaries, but—ha! ha! (with wild maliciousness) they shall pay you out. (Rushes away on delivering this annihilating smasher, and hurries up the street.)

2nd Clerk. Not so bad of the old muff, that. But he's left his dearest MARIA-JANE paper behind him.

Re-enter MR. M. H. very hot.

Mr. M. H. I left a paper here. I request its return.

2nd Clerk. Did you, Sir? No. I think not, Sir? I do not see it, Sir. Have you seen it, Brown?

1st Clerk. No, I haven't, ROBINSON.

2nd Clerk. I think you must be in terror, Sir.

(They all gaze upon him with much politeness.)

Mr. M. H. Then, I must have dropped it in the street.

2nd Clerk. Very likely, Sir. The public does those things occasionally. Perhaps the finder will bring it here, and forward it at his own expense; if so, it shall receive every attention, Sir.

Mr. M. H. This telegraph system is—

[Exit before completing his diagnosis.]

COMPULSORY EATING AND DRINKING.



RIEND PUNCH,

"I do not question the benevolent motives of the United Kingdom Alliance, and other temperance societies, that have lately been holding their conferences, but it strikes me that they are somewhat peremptory, if not tyrannical, in the enunciation of the various reforms that they wish to see practically carried out.

"Suppose that every class of hobby-mongers were as dictatorial as they. The consequences would probably be as confused as a cavalcade as the following:

"The vegetarians would denounce the consumers of animal food, and the latter would inveigh just as loudly against the former. The vegetarians would petition Parliament, praying that no one should be allowed to take the life of a periwinkle or a sucking pig, whilst the

partakers of fish, flesh, and fowl, would, moved by the same charitable feelings, call upon our legislative rulers to prevent the lovers of greens and carrots condemning themselves to a slow but certain death by persisting in such a wishy-washy unnutritious diet.

"Again, the publicans, the wine-merchants, and the great brewers, might, with as much justice, insist upon the teetotallers drinking nothing but spirits, wine, and stout and porter, as the disciples of FATHER MATHEW display in attempting to exact a legislative enactment that, because they like water themselves, and believe it to be the true fountain of health, so consequently that every one else, whether they like it or not, shall drink nothing but water.

"We know how doctors disagree amongst themselves. Are the homeopaths then to bellow and agitate against the hydropaths? Are the allopaths to raise a loud cry of grievance because there are a large class of medical disseaters who dare to think and practise differently to themselves?

"Are the believers, also, in certain infallible remedies to be continually waging warfare with each other? Are the devotees of MORISON to be perpetually pelting

with abuse the fanatics who place implicit faith in HOLLO-WAY? Is COCKLE to be incessantly arrayed in arms against OLD PARR, DR. JACOB TOWNSEND, MR. FRAMP-TON, and DR. JONAH, each of whom devoutly believes that he holds in his pocket (money paid in advance) the only true specific for arresting disease and prolonging human life? Because DR. DU BARRY can prove in black and white his '60,000,000 Certificated Cures,' is that a reason why we should all be compelled under strong penalties to take for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, nothing but his Revalenta Arabica? Kind angels, forbid!

"No, the days of prohibition are over, and let there be Free Trade in eating and drinking as there is in everything else. Let every one do as he pleases, and if a man is doing himself an injury, the cure will in time work itself, for punishment has a wonderful quick effect in hastening the hour of correction. Is the Thames to be closed up, forsooth, because a few unhappy creatures commit suicide in it every year? Prevent them if you can, but do not prohibit me, inasmuch as I do not entertain any particular craving for shortening my days, from fishing, or rowing or bathing in that noble river as often as I please. These United Kingdom Alliance gentlemen are doubtlessly very good, worthy, well-meaning gentlemen, but I do not want them to dictate to me what I am to drink, nor to lay down laws for my moral or dietetic guidance in any way whatsoever. As for Parliament, it knows better than to interfere with the liberty of the subject.

"I am, dear Punch,

"Yours, a true Independent Briton,

"JOHN BROWN."

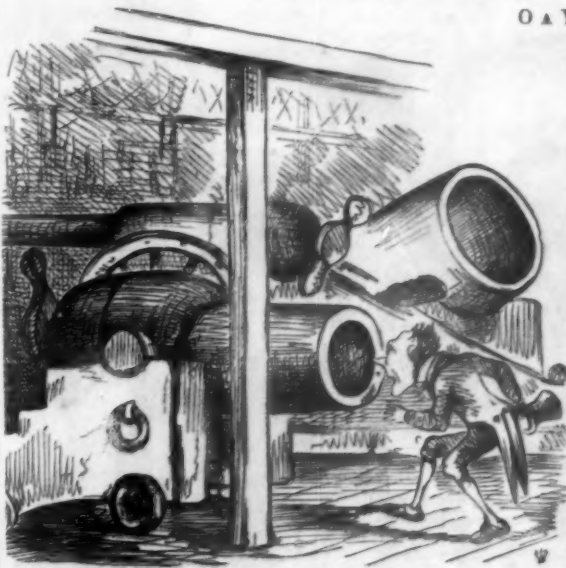
Going Great Lengths.

"THE Star is dissatisfied with MR. LINCOLN. It says, 'The President is all very well so far as he goes, but there is not enough of him.' Yet he is nearly seven feet high. However, we agree with our contemporary, that what America wants is a great man.

TWICE CROWNED.

THE readers of Parisian journals say that the beautiful and devout Lady at the head of French politics happily combines an inherited with an elective title. She is not only the Empress of "the French," but also of La France.

SUICIDE IN STAYS.



in the nave, and staring at the swells who keep on walking up and down in it, and who look as though they fancied that of all the marvels shown there they were best worth looking at. And having done this, and just peeped at the pictures for a bit, and possibly been brave enough to win some gloves of cousin CHARLEY, by spending, say, six minutes in the smell of the machinery,—having done all this, you fancy you have “done” the Exhibition, and that really there is nothing you have left unseen there.

Well, I am sorry to disturb this notion, and to give you further labour; but have you seen the Grecian girdle expressly manufactured for the EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA? No, you’ve not? Well then, you’ll find it—or at any rate, a facsimile—if you will ask a kind policeman to present you at the Greek Court, to which he is invested with full power of introduction. The reason why I ask you to go and see this girdle, is not so much because it is connected with an Empress (although of course that fact alone must serve to make it vastly interesting), as because it only measures sixteen inches in its length, thereby showing that her Majesty is the possessor of a waist which my joined thumbs and forefingers easily could clasp. Now, very possibly her Majesty was born with a small waist, and I will have the charity to fancy that she was. Her portrait is exhibited among the foreign pictures, and one shrinks from speaking harshly of such a pretty creature as, if her artist may be credited, the Empress certainly must be. So I will assume that her small waist is a natural deformity, and has not been produced by artificial means. But for fear lest her example set the fashion for wasp waists (and I know how prone you ladies are to follow any fashion, no matter how unsightly, which an Empress leads), do just let me remind you and others of your sex, that a small waist when produced by artificial means invariably causes a great injury to health. Tight lacing may indeed be considered as a crime, for they who wantonly destroy their health are guilty of slow suicide, inasmuch as by degrees they shorten their own life. And after all, what beauty is there in a pinched-in waist? To my eyes it is simply as monstrous a deformity as the squeezed foot of a Chinawoman, or the blackened teeth of married ladies in Japan. If I were a young man, I would no more think of marrying a girl with a wasp waist than I would make an offer to JULIA PASTRANA, supposing that attractive person came again to life. I should know that, if my wife had a waist my hands could clasp, the chances are her doctor’s bills would annually increase; and that, to any nothing of the sorrow of having a sick wife, her small waist would occasion me a very great expense.

Pray then, my dear young lady, do just bear my words in mind; and whenever you see a girl beginning to wear stays, and to deform herself and kill herself by squeezing in her ribs, do pray tell her that the smaller she contrives to make her waist, the smaller will her chances be of getting married; for believe me that in this matter, as well as every other one, all men of sense will always agree with your friend,

PUNCH.

TELEGRAMS TO COME.

PARIS.—The prolonged occupation of Rome by our brave troops has terminated in a solution of the Roman question to be regretted in the interests of Catholicism.

Impatience of the necessity which withholds their desired Capital has at length prevailed on the Italians to inquire into the basis of those spiritual pretensions on which is reared the superstructure of the Pope’s temporal sovereignty.

They have accordingly addressed themselves to the study of the New Testament.

They find that there is no such word as Pope in the book.

Everywhere the populations have renounced their spiritual allegiance to the papacy. Multitudes crowd the streets, uttering cries of “Viva la Bibbia!” “Viva l’Evangeli!” “Viva la verità!”

The people of Italy has proclaimed that it embraces genuine Christianity.

O A YOUNG LADY.

MY DEAR MISS SMYTHE,—Of course you have been to see the Exhibition—no, I don’t mean the one under the Trafalgar Square twin pepper-boxes, I mean the one which lies beneath the two big domes that FOWKE built. And of course you’ve seen the Koh-i-noor, and all the other ducks of diamonds, and the exquisite lace shawls, and the beautiful mixed pickle trophy, and the girl’s hair six feet long, and the rabbit that beats a drum, and the little bird that stirs about and sings upon a snuff-box. And besides all these instructive and wonder-moving sights, you have improved your mind still further by sitting

The whole Italian nation, including the Romans, has been excommunicated by the POPE.

The unity of Italy has thus accomplished itself in a spiritual sense; but our arms, which have unfortunately achieved that result, will not cease to perpetuate, for the welfare of Christendom, and the glory of France, the situation which caused it, in consequence of which the Sovereign Pontiff is now a monarch whose subjects are heretics.

Arrangements have been made, by the despatch of large reinforcements, for the permanent establishment of the Holy Father, under the protection of French artillery, at Rome as a Pope *in partibus*.

COXWELL AND GLAISHER.

A Song by a Schoolboy.

‘TIS of the youthful ICARUS
The ancient poet sings,
For whom his daddy, DEDALUS,
Made certain waxen wings;
But, flying up too near the Sun,
His wings of wax did melt,
And then he came right down, like fun,
As hard as he could pelt.

A great deal faster than he rose
Apace descended he,
Until he ended all his woes
In the Egean Sea.
Now what a lie is that account!
About the hour of noon
GLAISHER and COXWELL bold did mount
Six miles in a balloon.

No mortal man could soar so high,
Because, at that great height,
A pigeon they let out to fly,
Could not effect its flight.
Half stifled for the want of breath
Was COXWELL, GLAISHER too;
GLAISHER was nearly froze to death,
And COXWELL’s hands turned blue.

Aloft ’tis cold instead of hot;
Wax wings would freeze, not run,
By which a chap as near had got,
As could be, to the Sun;
As snow upon a mountain’s top
Might show to every foot:
So that slow fable you must drop
That we are taught at school.

But GLAISHER’s pluck, and COXWELL’s too,
Is something to admire;
As high as eagle ever flew
Those fellows went, and higher.
One kept on reading at his glass,
Whilst he could see or stand;
The other’s teeth let out the gas,
When cold had numbed his hand.

’Tis true that these two men did go
Six miles towards the sky;
But as for ICARUS, we know
That story’s all my eye.
Then what’s the use to read about
Old heroes’ fabled acts,
When now they’re beaten, out and out,
By wonders that are facts?

The Height of Humility.

WHAT would CARDINAL WISEMAN say to a converted convict, who had become a saint, and, in order to exhibit a memorial of his disgrace, stuck his ticket-of-leave, framed and glazed, over his mantel-shelf?

Would not his Eminence say that, after the saint had been canonised, his ticket-of-leave would make a splendid relic?



A DIP IN FRENCH WATERS.

Jones (to Old Woman). "COM, SAR!—WHAT DO YOU MEAN!—AM I TO BE LED DOWN LIKE THAT FOR A QUARTER OF A MILE!"

THE ITALIAN TRIO.

The Pope to Louis Napoleon. FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,
That threatens most my Temporal Power,
Oh, do not leave me, pray!
I own I've called you many a name,
But who would hate a poor old dame
For aught that she can say?

Louis Napoleon. I've stayed, old lady, far too long,
In fact I feel I'm in the wrong,
And off I mean to go,
Your neighbour there has shown he's quite
Prepared and willing, M'm, to fight
Against your every foe.

King Victor. Yes, leave the poor old girl to me,
You'll see how quickly we'll agree,
When you are out of sight,
And she shall walk in silk attire,
And go to church in glory, Sire,
And I'll do all that's right.

The Pope. I do not like the plan at all,
My fortune's tottering to its fall.

Louis Nap. Oh, don't say that, but bless our plan,
Be friends with brave King Gallantman.

King Victor. Yes, take my arm, and never mind,
Our plan is all that's good and kind.

The Pope. O dear, O dear, I quake with fear.
Louis Nap. Why quake, old girl, no foes are here?
King Victor. I am not cruel, nor severe.

All. But Fate must call the dance.

The Pope. It's very hard to leave me so.
Louis Nap. Trials are blessings, don't you know?
King Victor. We'll talk about the *Statu quo*.
All. The word is "*Erit France*."

MINSTRELS PAID OFF.

It will perhaps be generally considered that the subjoined portion of a newspaper paragraph has a not unsuitable heading:—

"A STUPID FROLIC.—The *Malta Times* gives the following account of a cruel practical joke played off at Rabbits, in the island of Gozo, by a party of officers of the garrison. For the amusement of an idle hour they adopted the not very original expedient of throwing hot copper coins from the windows of the Imperial Hotel, to be scrambled for by a crowd of boys."

The pastime above described certainly is one which is neither intellectual nor benevolent. Circumstances, however, alter cases, and a proceeding, which, practised for amusement, is wanton cruelty, becomes laudable when adopted in self vindication. The eminent mathematician, MR. BABBAGE, is notoriously the subject of continual annoyance from dirty Italian organ-grinders, who station themselves before his house, and, though told to go away, keep on tormenting him with their noise, to the distraction of his mind, and the interruption and confusion of his calculations. A philosopher may often derive a hint from fools, and the next time MR. BABBAGE finds himself plagued by one of these rascals, he might advantageously employ the same expedient to rid himself of a nuisance as that to which the officers at Malta resorted for the purpose of killing time: What MR. BABBAGE might do with satisfactory effect, other gentlemen might be advised to try when molested by organ-grinding vagrants. It is true that the officers who played the trick above recorded, and burnt a number of little boys in the hands and legs, were deservedly fined £5 each by the magistrates; but any Beak of ordinary acuteness will see that it is one thing to hurt inoffensive children and another to throw hot coppers to offensive organ-grinders.

A Tobacco Parliament Wanted.

M. ASSOLANT did us the honour to call us a nation of savages. He applied that appellation to us not altogether without reason. We may boast of our civilisation; but we cannot deny that the needless and mischievous inequality of our duties on tobacco is a proof that our customs are still extremely barbarous.



RELIEVING GUARD.

Mrs. POPP. "OH, MR. POLICEMAN, I HOPE YOU AIN'T A-GOIN' TO LEAVE A POOR OLD 'OMAN!"

Mr. NAP. "YES, M'M, I AM—YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE WITH YOUR FRIEND, VICTOR, YONDER. HE'S A CAPITAL OFFICER."

A WISE MAN'S WORDS.

In a late publication from the pen of CARDINAL WISEMAN, we are informed that the late QUEEN OF NAPLES, and a certain Neapolitan beggar-boy named NUNZIO SULPRIZIO, are contemporary candidates for canonisation. They both died in similar states of sanctity:—

"And so the Queen, and the mendicant, one mass of gangrene, were admitted together on the same day; and passed in their matriculation for the sublime degrees of beatification and canonisation."

This is CARDINAL WISEMAN's own statement; no burlesque.

The mendicant above-mentioned, whilst an inmate of a hospital, according to the Cardinal, "contrived to practise all virtues in a heroic degree on the wretched pallet which he never left." All virtues! The practice of all the virtues, even within the compass of the most spacious four-poster, would be a sufficient miracle. It would beat any performance that a Spiritual Blondin could exhibit on the moral tight-rope. CARDINAL WISEMAN says, further:—

"Now, perhaps the Queen and the pauper, who thus met at the threshold of the Church's judgment-seat (Prov. xxii. 9), and were admitted together, may continue to walk on together, and share the honour, one day of a joint canonisation. Perhaps the lame and bed-ridden patient may run quicker in the race, and attain the goal before his more agile and graceful competitor."

Upon our honour, upon our circulation, the foregoing words are CARDINAL WISEMAN's own, and not those of *Punch*.

THE NAGGLETONS OUT.

A SEA-SIDE DRAMA.

The Scene represents the Breakfast-Table at MR. and MRS. NAGGLETON's lodgings at a Watering-Place. The distinguished couple at breakfast.

Mr. Naggleton (who is justifiably cross, because he went out late to buy a "Times" and all the copies had been sold to unknown persons, whom he therefore hates). What bad tea!

Mrs. N. There's coffee.

Mr. N. That's worse.

Mrs. N. It was not my fault that water didn't boil, I suppose.

Mr. N. No. But I suppose it was your fault for using water that didn't boil.

Mrs. N. Do you want to have a fire in the parlour with the thermometer at 70°? or do you wish your wife to go down into the kitchen of a lodging-house, and heat the kettle?

Mr. N. I only wish to have decent tea or coffee.

Mrs. N. You have managed to drink both, such as they are; so if I were you I would say no more about it.

Mr. N. I am much obliged for your advice, and should be more obliged if you would condescend to attend to what I believe is a woman's department.

Mrs. N. If you had gone to an hotel, you could have had all the luxuries the want of which makes you so amiable.

Mr. N. I didn't choose to go to an hotel.

Mrs. N. Then you must take things as you find them.

Mr. N. I have had good breakfasts at the sea-side in other days.

Mrs. N. I am happy to hear it. That makes it all the fairer that you should sometimes put up with bad ones. Not that the breakfast has been bad to-day, only your temper.

Mr. N. I say it has been bad. The shrimps were anything but fresh.

Mrs. N. Do you wish me to get up early in the morning, and go out shrimping?

Mr. N. I certainly wish you would get up early in the morning, as it is ridiculous to be breakfasting at ten o'clock at the sea-side.

Mrs. N. I don't see why people should come to the sea to make themselves uncomfortable.

Mr. N. Nor I; nor why they should make other people so.

Mrs. N. Well, as you are in a sweet humour, I shall take my novel and go down to the beach and read, and perhaps you'll be in a happier frame of mind by lunch-time.

Mr. N. When a novel-fit is on you, it is useless for me to expect any attention. If you imitated some of the perfection you are so fond of reading about, it might not be amiss.

Mrs. N. Very neat, dear, and very new, and very much calculated to make an impression.

Mr. N. (who is, somehow, getting the worst of it, and is aware of the fact). Of course. Any scribbler's sentiments have more weight with you than your husband's.

Mrs. N. Well, dear, I am not unreasonable. I do not ask you for sentiments. Sentiment at your time of life would be about as suitable to you as leap-frog.

Mr. N. (in despair, castles). Pray don't let that anchovy paste come up any more—it is not fit to be upon the table.

Mrs. N. You bought it yourself.

Mr. N. Because I could get nothing else provided for me. I shall throw it out of window if I see it again.

Mrs. N. Pray do, or commit any other act of boyish impatience. I suppose you conduct yourself in that ridiculous way in the hope of seeming younger than you are.

Mr. N. (thinks he sees an opening). No, my dear. I have given sufficient proof, in the later part of my life, of not being as wise as I ought to be, considering.

Mrs. N. (carelessly). Have you, love? Never mind. It's too late for regrets now. But (arrested in the midst of her victory, and angrily) it's too early to begin smoking that abominable pipe.

Mr. N. (arailing himself of the enemy's indiscretion). I observe, my dear, that the names of things vary with the temper of the speakers. This is a pipe, when you are in a rage, but it is a Meerschaum, when you are going to fill and light it, preparatory to some little domestic manoeuvre.

Mrs. N. A man who deserved to be called a husband would not make domestic manoeuvres necessary, and a husband who deserved to be called a man would not reproach a wife with any little display of kindness. However, such a thing will not occur again.

Mr. N. In that case I shall lose on my fussem, and gain on my banker's book. Ha! ha!

Mrs. N. You are easily pleased.

Mr. N. Then you must reproach yourself with not oftener trying what is so easy. Come, I was only joking.

Mrs. N. I am glad you mention it. I did not see the joke. Such things are not much in your way.

Mr. N. (serious). A course of novels makes us critical as well as polite.

Mrs. N. Oh, there! I didn't say it. I'm sorry I spoke. I know that you are the wit of the "Flips" Club, only don't bring your wit to me, because I am unfortunately too stupid to be a good judge of that article.

Mr. N. Or of any other—potted beef included. This is the worst I ever ate.

Mrs. N. Here is the paper, dear. (Takes it in at the window.) Perhaps somebody else's ideas may be more amusing than your own. Just let me see who is married.

Mr. N. Inhuman satisfaction!

Mrs. N. (scorning to notice such used-up rubbish, and reading). Ah! HENRY SANDERSON's wedding at last! ALFRED has got his step, then. What a happy wife she will be.

Mr. N. Yes, and will deserve her happiness. I do not know anyone with such a sweet temper. She is always cheerful; always tries to make the pleasantest answer that can be made, and looks happiest when she has done anyone a kind turn.

Mrs. N. And she marries a man who can appreciate those qualities, and who is worth pleasing. And how handsome ALFRED CROWHURST is. He looks like a gentleman.

Mr. N. Yes, it is a very good imitation.

Mrs. N. There now, that is just like you. So spiteful. As if anybody complained of you for being only five feet four, and being obliged to wear a wig. Do allow good looks to other persons.

Mr. N. (solemnly). I have told you repeatedly, MRS. NAGGLETON, that I am five feet six—not, of course—ha, ha—that it signifies; but it argues a determination to be disrespectful when a person continues to repeat what is not truth.

Mrs. N. Well, you shall be six feet if you like, dear. As you say, what does it signify? And your wig's your own hair; and is there any other truth that you would like me to admit, while I am about it?

Mr. N. (icily). If you have done with the paper, I shall be obliged by it.

Mrs. N. There it is. I see old MR. BLOKER is gone at last. She will be well off, won't she?

Mr. N. What, JOHN BLOKER! Dear me, I am shocked.

Mrs. N. Well, I don't know what about. It must be a happy release for himself and his friends. MRS. BLOKER will marry again, I dare say.

Mr. N. Why, she's as old as you are. Marry again, indeed! However, as there's no saying what folly a woman may commit, I make no doubt that JOHN BLOKER has taken care to fortify her weak resolution by some anti-matrimonial suggestions in his will. Goose as she may be, she is hardly goose enough to suppose that anybody would think of her except in connection with his savings. What do you think? (The above charming speech delivered slowly, and as matter long since pondered.)

Mrs. N. (with a curious effort). Perhaps you are right, HENRY. Indeed, I have no doubt that you are. I spoke hastily when I said—my dear HENRY! Your Meerschaum is nearly out. I'll get you a match.

But won't you come and smoke on the beach?—I don't mean about the smell in the curtains, dear, because I rather like that,—it seems so domestic—but it is so much pleasanter to have you with me, and you can read your *Times* just as well in the shade of the bathing machines. Come, I won't be a minute patting on my hat, and as we go down, we'll call at PICKLETON and LARDER's for a moment, as I told

them to get something which I think you'll like for breakfast—you don't half take care of yourself, and I believe I am wrong in leaving you to yourself so much, only you are so decided and imperious, dear, that I am always afraid to interfere. There—now you have a capital fire, and I won't be a minute.

Mr. N. (smiling to himself). I believe that she cares about me a great deal, and that the thought of Mrs. BLOKEE's bereavement touched her feelings. She's not a bad sort of woman, though nothing like Mrs. NAGGLETON No. 1.

(Exit to wait at street-door.)

Scene in another apartment. Mrs. NAGGLETON before the looking-glass.

Mrs. N. If he has! And he is quite capable of it. As old as I am, indeed! Well, it's no use talking, but—

Scene closes.



SMALL-POX IN SHEEP.

A Pastoral.

LATELY, one morn, discoursed a brace of clowns,
DAN'L and DICK, upon the Hampshire downs,
A vale between them, threaded by a rill,
And either standing on a distant hill.
Relate in Doric verse, O sacred Muse,
How those two clodhoppers expressed their views.

Dan. Hast hear'd the news in Wiltshire ower there,
As shepherds ool lament at Weyhill Fair?

Dick. Ees, I be told as how the ship ha' got
The small-pox, but I spose, they manes the rot.

Dan. Rot? Yaa! They're rottun fast enough, no
doubt,

But their disaise is small-pox, out and out.

Dick. Small-pox in ship? That's summt strange and
new,

'Twool make the butchers look uncommon blue;
What some ool think a wonder and a sign,
'Taint like as ef it had attacked swine.

Dan. Swine! that had been a gurther plag and cuss,
In ship 'tis bad enough; in pigs 'twur wus,
But how should small-pox out o' Natur's way
For t'others be, and not as much for they?

Dick. Cause why 'tis what's a nat'ral ill to we,
And pigs our sart o' poor relations be,
The dif'rance 'twixt ourselves and ship is wide;
Just like a Christian's is a pig's inside.

Dan. Some says pigs has the measles, which, if true,
They just as well med ha' the small-pox too.

'Twould spile their beauty to be sure, but there,
Our bacon if we saved we shouldn't care.

Dick. Now if ship's got the small-pox to endure,
No doubt but what they 'll ha the measles, sure.
And hoopun cough, all moor or less severe;
Sims like enough to make the mutton queer.

Dan. I tell 'ee what; 'tis them new schemes o' breed,
All them there fine improvements in their feed,
Departun off from Natur's good old ways,
Instead o' lavun ship alone to graze.

—'Tis hottish baint it for the time o' year?

Dick. Ees, 'tis; and I should like a drap o' beer.

The Best Possible Primate.

TOUCHING the appointment of a new Archbishop, the *Times* said, "The qualities needed in an English Primate must be very sober and not at all brilliant." At this rate the man best qualified to be ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is the teetotaler DEAN CLOSE.

FOOLS TO AMUSE THE FRENCH.

À M. L'ÉTRANGER.

MONSIEUR,

You do not, I fear, enjoy half the amusement you might find in this country. Let me recommend you to assist at some of the meetings of our Societies for controlling the inclinations of other people. For example go, if you can, to the next meeting of the International Temperance and Prohibition Conference. You see, Monsieur, this Association calls itself International. It therefore professes not only to deprive me of the liberty to get drunk, but, pardon me, yourself also.

Do you know, Monsieur, what this droll Society does? A number of persons organise themselves into a league for the purpose of encouraging one another to drink nothing stronger than tea, and also of preventing other people from drinking what they please. This latter object, which consists with their idea of British freedom, they seek to effect by procuring laws for the annihilation of the liquor trade. They would make it criminal to be a wine-merchant, or the landlord of any but a Temperance hotel. The first of their objects, mutual encouragement in abstinence from exhilarating fluids, they accomplish by assembling, declaiming, and listening to declamations on the evils arising from the use of fermented drink, which they enormously exaggerate; also, sometimes, by marching about in procession, beating drums, bearing banners, singing in chorus, and otherwise making a demonstration worthy of idiots escaped from an asylum. Assuredly these imbeciles are right to abstain from intoxicating be-

verages, for they are always more than tipsy enough, although having drunk only water.

The word of order of these serious buffoons is Total Abstinence. They call themselves by the ridiculous name of Teetotalers. Fancy, Monsieur, an assemblage of simpletons shouting to one another, "Come, friends, let us drink no wine. Let us avoid beer. Courage, comrades, we will refrain from Cognac. Yes; we will content ourselves with ginger-beer, soda-water, tea, coffee. Take the pledge; pass it round, boys; drink we it in water. Huzza, three times three, we won't go home till twilight; jolly companions every one!"

If, indeed, these silly and frantic busybodies cried, "No black beer; no adulterated porter!" you would, with me, deem their about reasonable; but their cry is "No beer at all!" no pale yellow beer, even mixed with water. Worse, still, they roar, or rather bray, "No Burgundy! No Claret! No Champagne!" Now, Monsieur, you will see, in its full extent, the folly of these frenzied nincompoops. Our Government has but just concluded with yours that admirable treaty, so advantageous as well for the revenue as for the trade of both countries, which relies, for its success, on our large demand for your excellent wines. And this bond of union between the two nations would be destroyed if the Legislature were so mad as to yield to the noisy agitation of the impertinent boobies who desire to have a preposterous and tyrannical Maine Law enacted in England.

Monsieur, you really should go and witness the ludicrous exhibition which these grave but violent zany will be delighted to afford you entirely at their own expense. Accept, Monsieur, the assurance of the distinguished consideration with which I have the honour to subscribe myself, your very humble servant,

PUNCH.

PERSIGNY ON PEDIGREE.



IN BERNARD BURKE is respectfully informed that M. DE PERSIGNY, the other day, at Montbrison, in the department of the Loire anciently called the Foréz, presiding at the inauguration of "La Diana," an archaeological society, just revived there, made a speech about nobility, mainly directed to show that the blood of noblemen and commoners is essentially the same fluid, and citing the Arabs, and the Scotch, as the two peoples in the world who are distinguished from the rest of it by taking that philosophical view of the subject. To the descendants of ISHMAEL, however, and to the natives of the land of thistles, are to be added the inhabitants of the Loire, according to the Imperial Minister of the Interior; who said:—

"So, as the CAMPBELLS and MACDONALDS, we of this district or province to which I belong, having the same origin, feeling within our veins the same blood, inheriting the same traditions, have formed ourselves into a clan which is called FOREZ."

A very good imitation of Clan CAMPBELL, and the MACDONALDS, is Clan FOREZ; minus the Mac, which the CAMPBELLS have; for we all know that CAMPBELL is only an *alias*, as the

celebrated thief ROB ROY might have remarked when he stated that his foot was now on his native heath, and his name was MACGREGOR. M. DE PERSIGNY and his fellow clansmen of the Loire had better have taken a genuine original Scotch name, Mac and all; and there is one which would have just suited them: the most original name for any clan that could possibly be selected, and one singularly according with PERSIGNY's ideas of blood and pedigree—MAC ADAM.

Rich Muffs, Please Copy.

NATURALISTS have just discovered that the Glow-worm feeds on Snails. Some apologetic sentimentalism is the result of the announcement, but Mr. PUNCH (who is a diner-out) sees great fitness in this arrangement of nature. The slow folks of society are the proper parties to furnish dinners for the Brilliant.

A Dirty Business.

THE French say that "Tout change sous le Rône," and certainly their occupation of that City is a strong proof of it. We only wish that LOUIS NAPOLEON had selected a cleaner way of getting there.

A VETERINARY FACT.

VACCINATION is proposed as a preventive of small-pox in sheep. We believe it has been tried and not found to answer, perhaps because the sheep cannot have the cow-pox.

CONVULSUM FOR LORD SHAPTESBURY.

Who is to be the new Archbishop?

[The answer shall be published when his Lordship has decided.]

FOREIGN TRAPS FOR ENGLISH FLATS.

In common with many wise and also, he much fears, with many foolish people, Mr. PUNCH is very frequently receiving invitations to lay out a small portion of his large weekly earnings in the purchase of a "chance" or a few dozen of "chances" of winning him a prize in some continental lottery. This invitation is commonly conveyed in vastly courteous terms, which seem to keep the word of promise to the ear, but are likely in most cases to break it to the hope. The last of these polite epistles wherewith Mr. PUNCH was favoured was phrased in tempting language thus:—

Frankfort on the Maine.

"Sir,—We take the liberty of enclosing for your perusal a Prospectus of the Great Brunswick Money Lottery, guaranteed by Government and we beg to call your attention to the great advantages offered to investors by this speculation; with such a small outlay, viz., £1 for a whole share, 5s. for a quarter, you are enabled to win the highest prizes mentioned in the Prospectus, viz. 100,000 \$, 50,000 \$, 70,000 \$, 40,000 \$, &c. &c. The first families in England have already invested in this speculation."

"Have they, indeed? Well, we have no means to negative the statement; excepting just to say that the family of LORD PUNCH have not as yet subscribed, nor are they likely so to do if his Lordship can prevent them. As Macbeth says, his Lordship has no such "speculation in his eyes," not having any green in them. But besides the strong inducement in the thought of doing that which the first families have done, the letter under notice further tempts one by asserting that—

"These Prizes will be paid to you [i.e., if you win them] in ready money, through a Banker in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, or through any other channel you may prefer."

"The Drawings are performed publicly, under the direction of a Government Commission appointed for the purpose, and we assure you that every Shareholder has a fair and equal chance whether present at the Drawing or not."

"An 'Official List' bearing the Government Arms will be forwarded immediately after the Drawing to your own, or any other address you may desire."

"You may rest assured that we will do our utmost to promote your interests, and promising that the strictest secrecy shall be observed."

"We remain, yours, very respectfully,

SCHWINDLMANN UND SPITZBURG."

Great must be the comfort even to a loser to have the privilege of receiving this "official list" of all the winning candidates, with the

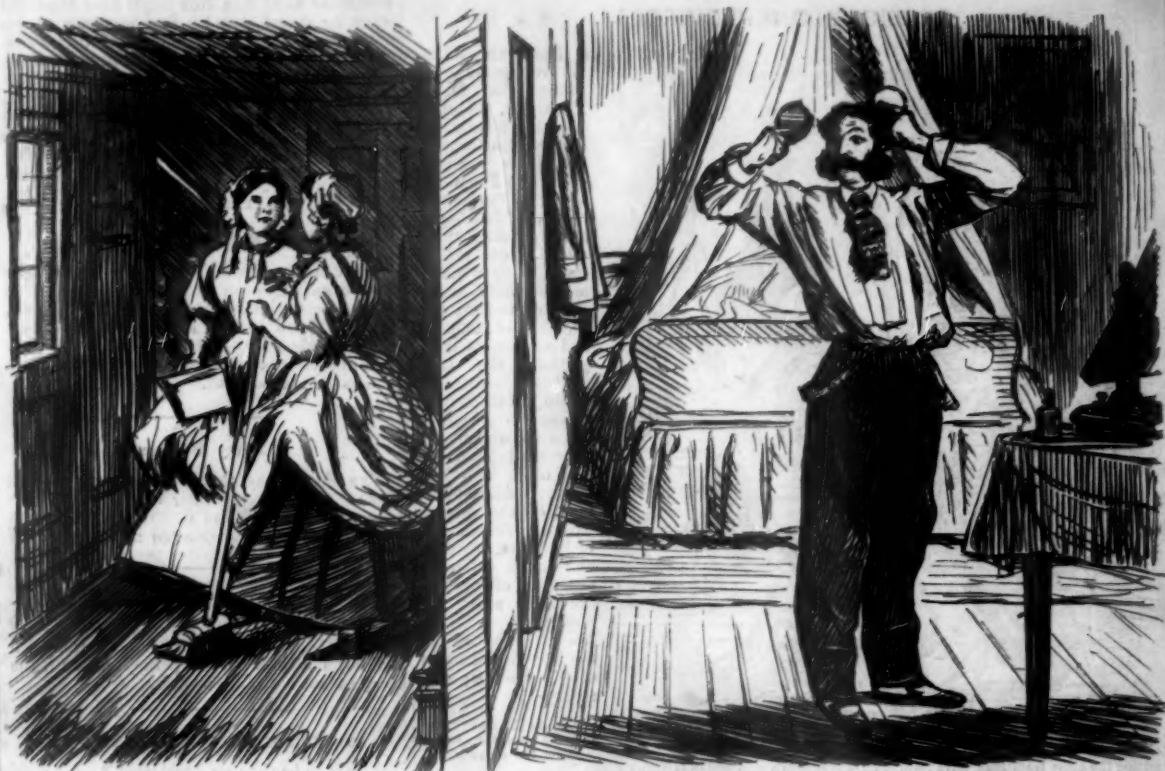
names and weights of money to which they are entitled. And great must be the solace to those who have not won, in seeing the list headed with the Government Arms, as a surety that no black-legs have put foot in the lottery. In the prospectus which accompanies the letter it is stated that "the shares are signed by Blank, Director, and Asterisk, Inspector, and are provided with the Government weapons" (this doubtless being intended as a synonym for "Arms"). What are the weapons of the Government we are left to guess, and may conceive them what we choose, from a big gun to a battle-axe. One however of these weapons must, we think, be the long bow, which appears to have been drawn somewhat strongly in the statements which relate to the "drawings" of the shares. That these drawings have some art in them, Mr. PUNCH will freely grant; but he inclines to think the art is not of a high character, and not to be compared with the art wherewith his own artists weekly charm the world. The drawings in his window are in his eye far superior to those in foreign lotteries, and each one of his Numbers is a prize, and not a blank. Any one who has spare money to invest may invest it much more safely in Mr. PUNCH's drawings than in those which are described in the prospectus above quoted; and as gambling is illegal in the eye of English law, Mr. PUNCH would recommend all those who have a taste for drawings, to look for them in Fleet Street and not Frankfort on the Maine.

A Bishop in Partibus Fidelium.

THE most genuine *Nolo Episcopari* must be uttered by anyone who reads that MR. BISHOP, an Englishman, convicted by an Italian Court of Justice of helping the Bourbons, is sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

THE Southern President is a classical scholar of no mean attainments, as the following anecdote will testify. Being asked by a Virginian editor how many new men he thought LINCOLN would be able to raise, the excellent JEFFERSON answered, "DAVIS *sem, son* (ÆDIPUS)."

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON.—Liberal subscriptions for the poor creatures who are suffering from the want of it.



FIRST HOUSEMAID. "Jane, did you ever brush your Hair with two brushes?"

SECOND HOUSEMAID. "Never till the Captain come and left his'n out. My! isn't it delightful?"

[May be, but the Captain's delight at overhearing the statement is decidedly limited.]

NOTICE TO THE AMBITIOUS.

MR. PUNCH observes, with much satisfaction, that the Report of the Decimal Committee has been published, and further that the Committee recommend the Government to prepare the popular mind for the reception of the Decimal System. These preparations are to be made in divers ways, the Post-Office is to introduce the system, in the case of foreign letters and books, and it is to be taught in all schools that receive Government aid. Moreover, gentlemen who wish to enter the service of your country, you must get up the Decimal System, for it is to be made a feature in your examinations. What do you think of that? As babies have corals to cut their teeth upon, as debaters in embryo have their club discussions, and as young Ministers are allowed to deal with Irish affairs and the like before they are entrusted with real business, students in Decimals had better go into training, and form their minds for severer work. By way of helping them, *Mr. Punch* has dashed off a few queries of a searching character, which he submits for the advantage and instruction of his young friends, and if they can answer these off-hand, he has good hope that they will distinguish themselves in the new line about to be opened to them.

QUERIES FOR YOUNG CANDIDATES.

What are Dated Greek Proxymmata, and describe the ecliptic variety.
 What is your idea of the Purbeck Mammalian genus *Plagiaulax*?
 What has become of the Library of MATTHIAS CORVINUS?
 What was the actual and what is the market value of a tetradrachm of ABBINOE THE FIRST?
 Give a specimen of the Amphibrachys, the Ditrocheus, and the Epitritus Secundus.
 What is the relative art-value of Kamptulicon, Pannuscorium, and the Eureka shirt?
 What are diurnal Lepidoptera, and are Amblypodia Lycanida, or does the converse hold?
 How do you mix Mathematics, and do you take sugar with them or not?
 Now, send in answers to the above (you may write, print, or lithograph the replies, but we will not have them on scented paper), and we

undertake to return private or public certificate, as may be desired, to the merits of each respondent and his chance of passing an examination in the Decimal System.

PRIZES FOR VIRTUOUS PEASANTS.

THERE is something to be said for LORD JOHN MANNERS's opinion that the practice of rewarding agricultural servants with the prizes distributed at the meetings of Farmers' Clubs is not "one that is more honoured in the breach than in the observance." There is something dramatic and picturesque in the distribution of prizes to a meritorious and happy peasantry. That is, at least, there would be if it were arranged to take place with proper scenery, dresses, and decorations; villagers, old and young, in holiday attire, and the lads and lasses suitably trimmed with ribbons. Moreover, the prizes should be sufficiently elegant. Corduroy trousers are not the sort of donation that lords, and 'squires, and wealthy farmers, patrons of a rural festival, should present to successful shepherds and deserving ploughmen. A flowered dimity waistcoat would be the right kind of thing; and to this might be added a pair of white ditto smalls, blue ribbed cotton stockings and glazed pumps.

The American Appeal.

THE weather is warm and cool things are welcome. But perhaps there is an excess of coolness in the latest proposition from the Federals. They ask that England, France, and Russia shall mediate "upon the basis of the submission of the South and its return to the Union." That is they, unable to "whip" the South, want the European powers to obtain for the North what it cannot get by fighting. Yes, this is Refrigeration in *excellent*—nay, MR. GLAISHER, six miles aloft was not so cool as the American petition.

EXTREMELY FRIVOLOUS.—We have no respect for the art-critic who, being shown the beautiful figure of a black girl by SIGON MOSTI, called it a Mont-negro.